

Thrown into their world

by Lord-Nex189

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Summary: Dan and his girl, Angel are playing halo together when they find themselves in the Halo universe. Rated T for language.

Abandoned

1. Chapter 1

Thrown into their world.

Chapter 1 Baptized in Sangheili blood. (again)

Authors note: This is my first fan fic. It will be done in a combo of third person and first person. I will accept CONSTRUCTIVE CRITICISM! Haters shall be ignored. Note that I own nothing in Halo other than my Spartan self. In addition, I will be using the correct name for the x race as I refer to them. If anyone is confused by Sangheili, it is the Elites name for them. With that, enjoy! "Now because I got so many hate responses and only one constructive one I decided to rewrite chapter one. Enjoy the new chapter.

"Fuck!" I growl as I am taken down by a Sangheili general. "Get to cover so you can spawn me." I yell to my girl friend through the mic. If you haven't already guessed, we are trying to get Halsey's secret door in Halo Reach campaign.

"I'm trying Hon."

"Yes. Now these fuckers are tough but not ghost proof."

"Hey Dan does it seem like the screen is getting bigger and everything becoming Realistic?"

"Yeah it kind of does oh shit!"

In a second, we are flung into our TVs and I appear in the ghost I just got into.

"Angel?"

"Yes Dan, Kill these fuckers now!"

I look at the female Spartan dressed in the armor my girl uses.

I hit the Boost and ram the generals into the great journey.

"This is too freaky."

"I know are we in theâ€|"

She is cut off by a blinding light followed by me loosing consciousness. I regain consciousness and am surrounded by thirty-four teens. I then see a younger version of Halsey approaching me.

"Who are you and what are you wearing?" only now do I realize that i am wearing a deactivated suit of MJOLINIR mk. V. My noble six variation: chest UA counter assault, Left shoulder UA multi threat, Right shoulder Commander, wrist Tactical tac pad, knees Para foil, Utility tactical trauma kit, helmet Recon base, with black visor color, the armor it's self is Steel primary steel secondary.

"Well fuck. Get me outa here before the suit kills me."

"What is it?" I hear one of the teens ask.

"MJOLINIR mk. V. Now Halsey get the techs up here to get me outa this armor."

"Mark V? We only have Mark IV." another speaks I recognize the voice as Jorge.

I relax as the techs get me outa the armor. "Now, doc can we go else where now?"

"Yes." Once we are in her office she starts to interrogate me.

"Who are you? Where did you get a suit of MJOLINIR? And how do you know my name?"

"First I am Dan G, I don't know how I got the suit I was playing co-op campaign in Reach with my girl Angel, the next thing I know I am sitting in a ghost running over eight Sangheili generals at Sword base, in this armor. The next thing I know I am lying in that room surrounded by SPARTANS. And I know your name because you the SPARTANS and the human covenant war is part of a video game franchise known as Halo." I explain.

"I see can I have a blood sample."

"Sure." she sticks a needle in my arm and a moment later an AI appears.

"Subject DNA matches confines for augmentation." it says.

"Good, thank you DÃ©jÃ ."

"Let me guess. I am going to be Sam's replacement?" I ask. I wince as I notice that the needle is pumping sedatives into my blood.

"How'd you guess that?"

"Luck."

"Do you have any requests about what team you'll be on?"

"No, I'd like blue team. And I would like my number to be 189."

"I can arrange that."

"Oh and can I keep the armor I was in today?"

"Yes but what makes it different from the Mk. IV?"

"Shields, you can have the generator examined but I want it back in the armor by the time I wake up." The world goes fuzzy then black as sedatives kick in.

Authors note: there you HATERS better be happy with this. Please R&R.

2. Chapter 2

Thrown into their world.

Chapter 2 Explain this.

Authors note: to all those who must hate, don't bother reviewing at all. I am sick of getting Shit reviews. If you don't like it then write it your own goddamned way. 189 out.

I awoke what must be three days later in a bed in a private room, and I ache all over. I turn suddenly when the door opens and a medical technician walks in.

"Oh your awake." she says.

"Ugh can I have some painkillers?"

"Yes I actually came in here to give you a bottle of painkillers and your anti rejection drugs."

"Thanks can you point me in the direction of Halsey's office?"

"Certainly, turn left and just keep walking straight for eleventh door on the right."

"Thank you, what's your name?"

"Alyssa."

"Thank you Alyssa." I then go to Halsey's office. When I enter, she is bent over a data pad looking at the shield generator.

"Incredible, we've already made progress." looking up at me "Well, well looks like your adapted to your new body."

"Yeah I still can't wait to get into my suit without the fear of killing myself."

"Yes and I'll have the generator reinstalled, your the very first Spartan to have personal shields."

"In the books, Mark IV was all we had until 2552."

"That long?"

"Yep and the war lasted another year."

"Is there anything you don't know?"

"Nope."

"Good because this thing has good security." she holds up my Ipod.

"Let me see It." she hands it to me. "Where did you find this?"

"In the shorts you were wearing, along with..."

"My retainer case, my ac adapter and cord, my phone and my wallet."

"Can you open your Ipod?"

"Sure." I unlock it then browse my music finding the band slipknot I put it on shuffle and let the Metal encase the room.

"What is this?"

"Nu Metal band Slipknot, album Iowa, track 13, Metabolic."

"And you can understand the vocalist?"

"Yeah and I am also a Metal vocalist."

"Really?" she says skeptically "Prove it."

"Ok." I then start singing along "I couldn't murder your promise

Right before my eyes

The revolution of my psychosis

Kept me outta the way

Once, inside, all I hold is ash

Foul, suppressing every feelin'

I'm in so much pain

I have every fuckin' right to hate you

I can't take it!" she looks like a Sangheili zealot is standing in front of her. "that answer your question." I say in my regular voice.

"Yes, it does. You could scare an Elite with that voice."

"So doc, where do I stand in this universe?"

"Your now Spartan-189, your past is restricted level 7."She explains, "if anyone asks you just say level 7 and they'll shut up."

"Why what's lever 7?"

"Only two people know it, and if they dig deeper you have the right to shoot them in the head."

"So, let's say that admiral whatshisface asks and continues to dig, I can take a pistol to his/ her head and pull the trigger and have no repercussions?"

"Well other than a section three person concerning with the level 7 code to the court marshal board, yes."

"Anything else before I leave?"

"Yes, I dug around your DNA and it matches one other Spartan."

"Who? And what did you do for my fighting skills?"

"The fighting skills first. We gave you a memory flash burn."

"who now say what?"

"We burned the combat training from John-117 into your head. You now know every fighting technique he knows and how to apply it."

"Ok so I shouldn't spar with him then?"

"Nope it would be a test of endurance."

"Good because I can spend half a day snowboarding, then do endurance rock climbing followed by a metal concert."

"Wow I'm impressed."

"Now who am I related to?"

"First I have to ask you. What happens to us?"

"Goddamnit. You want the long version or the short version... Same amount of details."

"The short I've called a meeting with the SPARTANs to officially introduce you. And I need to tell you that you have precognition powers so if you say something accidental about the future just say that."

"Ok, Basically, Kurt gets recruited to be Lieutenant Ambrose, the main person in charge of the SPARTAN IIIs. Many Spartans are lost

during the war, the majority of them die while defending Reach, and the inner colony's. Reach is glassed and the pillar of autumn jumps to a forerunner super weapon, called halo. Halo is a weapon of last resort against the Flood, a parasitic all sentient life-consuming organism. Halo is designed to kill ALL sentient life in the galaxy. The flood is released. John-117 detonates the engines in a last ditch effort to prevent Halos activation. He escapes, finds more survivors. Linda, who is clinically dead in a cryo tube due to injuries on reach, they capture a Covenant flagship recover some Spartans and you, the Covenant find earth, more halos are found, the Elites become our allies in the final year of the war. Miranda Keys, or Miranda Halsey, dies on the Ark to prevent the profit of truth from firing all the halos at once. Master Chief is declared MIA. You and the remaining Spartans become trapped in a slipspace bubble where the planet Onyx is. In addition, that's what will happen briefly. If you want to know more just go to the Ibooks app and read one of the books." I show her what I mean. "Now the pass code is 0189 and who am I related to?"

"First off, HOLY SHIT! Are you telling me that my only daughter is killed just before the war ends and that almost all the Spartans die?"

"In a nut shell yes, now will you tell me who I am related to? Please."

"You are John-117's GREAT, GRANDFATHER."

"You have got to be shittin me."

"Nope if you don't believe me come over here." I walk over to her desk and she brings up two DNA sequences with 189 under the left one and 117 under the right one, the word MATCH is visible through the middle of the two strands.

"HOLY SHIT! I'm MASTER CHIEFS GRANDFATHER!"

"Dan, I think that I should properly introduce you to your teammates."

"Yes let's." I am led into the mess hall and all the Spartans have their eyes on me. I know they can here the music from my ipod.

"Spartans, today I introduce your new teammate Dan-189. He is to be Sam's replacement. He has been assigned to blue team." John stands up. I solute him. "Welcome to blue team Spartan."

"Thank you Sir." I respond automatically. Strange, I must have been programmed with SPARTAN discipline as well. I sit down next to him and Kelly.

Cliffhanger next chapter will be up soon. HATERS gona hate. Don't bother. R&R

Thrown into their world.

Chapter 3 FKC

This takes place just after chapter 2. I've also put up my new story chapter one Biohazard shock troops. (Prologue: timeline)

As soon as I sit down, John and Kelly start to ask me questions.

"What's your home world?"

"Where did you come from?"

"Are you the guy in that odd armor from three days ago?"

"One at a fuckin time." I say in my metal voice. All Spartans look at me with a surprised look on their faces. "Now I come from Earth, I come from the continent of North America, Boston, Ma. And yes I was the guy in MJOLINIR Mk.V armor."

"That's incredible," a Female Spartan with blood red hair says.

"What is?"

"Your Voice and your back story."

"Well being a Metal vocalist I can do that."

"I'm Linda by the way." the blood red haired Spartan says

"Will, that's Fred and Kelly." will introduces him and Fred who is playing with the butter knife.

"Can you show me to the gym I need to spar with someone."

"Sure." Fred says "But be ready for a challenge."

"I am always up for a challenge." just before we get up from the table the ships general quarters alarm sounds. "Spartans, report to the armory, prepare to repel borders."

"Race you there, Fred."

"In three, two, one, go." we take off sprinting at top speed. I make it into the armory two milliseconds before Fred. I find my Mk. V armor waiting for me. The techs finish assembling the armor and hand me my helmet. I see the HUD that I got so use to seeing in the game appear, I see my health is green (I know it's blue in game sue me.) and the shields come on line. I join the other Spartans in the armory; I grab two M6D pistols (god pistols from CE) and twelve mags for each, 4 frags, a shotgun and 70 rounds (again I know the most you can have in CE is 60 but I don't care) and a MA5C assault rifle, with 10 clips. I exit and join the others.

"Damn now that's the way to travel into battle." I hear Kurt say.

"Dan the only thing missing is a turret and 200 rounds of armor

perching lead." Alice exclaims.

Noticing a turret, I pick it up.

"Now I will enact FKC."

"What's that?"

"Fucking Kill Covenant. I kill anything that isn't human. Now if I only had four plasma grenades I'd be all set for boarding their ship."

"We've got phantoms docking at the lifeboat airlocks." the ships AI announces "All Spartans to deck E."

"Let's move out Spartans." John orders "Dan you've got point."

"Yes sir"

We reach deck E in one minute and see that the marines have already engaged. I glance and find that I still have Armor lock.

I go into the fire and start pumping the grunts full of lead. Once the turret runs dry, I switch to assault rifle. I notice four plasma grenades and put them on my belt. I spin around as I hear my shield alarm flair. I see an ultra class Sangheili standing with a plasma Rifle pointed at me, I reach for my shotgun, and kick his ass to the ground before placing the barrel in his face. "The great journey ends here." I pull the trigger twice and his head explodes into fragments.

By this time I notice that only one major is left so I chuck a sticky at his head and he chucks one of his at me, we both get stuck but I pop into armor lock and shed the plasma grenade, launching it back to sender. "Sorry but your gift has been rejected." I yell. The grenades explode and I release armor lock and notice the stairs from the marines and Spartans alike.

"Whâ€|Whatâ€|how did you do that Spartan?" one of the veteran troopers asks. "I've seen fellow marines get stuck and it's a death sentence."

"I have the armor ability called Armor lock. It locks all joints and reduces all power that isn't life support, while boosting my shield strength to invulnerable strength. It produces an EMP effect thus shedding the threat. When I release it the EMP creates a shockwave disabling anything electronic that isn't shielded."

"Damn I want shielding in my armor." Anton says.

"Doctor Halsey is working tirelessly to get shields to all of the Spartans."

Suddenly a voice cracks over the intercom "Would Spartans 189 and 117 report to the bridge immediately."

Yeah, yeah, sue me. Short sudden ending.

Thrown into their world.

Chapter 4 secrets relieved

Authors note. Attention assholes who flame armor lock users, use whatever armor ability you want when getting Halsey's door. Don't give me shit for using what I use in game. I mainly use sprint but for all intents for the plot, I choose armor lock to be the equipped armor ability. Please note that this picks up directly after the end of chapter 3.

"I repeat: Would SPARTANs-189 and 117 report to the bridge immediately." The AI aylss states.

"Wonder what it is about?" John asks

"Something to due with the Covenant just boarding and nothing else." I reply

We reach the bridge in two minutes flat. And snap to attention. "At ease SPARTANs" Captain Day says

"Permission to sleek freely sir?" John and I say in perfect unison this causes some of the crew to look in our direction. "Reinforcing the belief that some have that SPARTANs are robots" I say to John over a private channel with external speakers off.

"Permission granted SPARTANs."

"Sir why were we called here?" I ask turning my external speakers back on.

"To report on the outcome of the battle more specifically, the way the Covenant acted?" day replies.

"Sir." john speaks up "What I don't get is why the Covenant only sent 100 grunts, 30 Jackals and 20 Elites? And why did they just board us instead of taking us out with plasma torpedoes?"

"I think I can answer that John." we spin around to find Doctor Halsey entering the bridge. "The Covenant has seen SPARTANs before, so they might have been confirming that you were abroad."

"But why send recon when those bastards could've blasted us to bits."

"I think I can answer that Captain." I chime in after being deep in thought. "Sir we suffered zero losses to the Marines stationed aboard when we were boarded, now nobody got injured during the fire fight."

"What are you trying to say?"

SPARTAN?"

"That Spartans are able to turn the tide of battle in-favor of us instead of them. Basically SPARTANs become the most valuable targets in the UNSC."

"I see."

"Sir if I may make a suggestion?"

"Go ahead."

"We jump into Slipspace now before they blast us and three teams of SPARTANs into dust."

"Aylss."

"Yes Captain?" the ships AI replies

"Set a random set of coordinates as per Cole periodical and get us out of system."

"Done sir, stand by for Slipspace jump. In three two one." the pure blackness of Slipspace is scene through the bridges view screens.

"John, Dan, come with me please." we hear Halsey say.

"Yes Ma'am." we turn and leave the bridge.

The walk to Halsey's office was made in silence. "Do you have any idea why I've called you here?" she asks John

"No Ma'am." he replies.

"Is it something to deal with Dan and I or just something about Dan that I need to know as squad leader?"

"I don't know how to put this... but come look at this John." she motions John to look at a screen, I see it as well.

"That's me, only I look older." I say

"Yep, Commander Daniel G. Service time in the US Air force as an experimental Space fighter designer in the mid twenty first century. His brain child is what paved the way for Long swords to be made."

"So I should be calling you Sir or Commander."

" I can have my rank Back or do I have to earn it?" I ask

" you can." Halsey Replies "Vice Admiral Standworth has already been briefed and you will receive your Rank as soon as we get to Reach."

"This is interesting in all, but what does this have anything to due with the two sets of DNA that say match?" John inquires.

"that is what I am getting around to. Now John through many generations Dan's DNA defendants matched augmentation specifications, until this." The picture on the screen shows John.

"wait is that My DNA and Dan's DNA being compared."

"Yes John...and it matches. It can only mean one thing."

"I am your Great X20 Grandfather John." I say. the look on John's face is a mixture of shock and disbelief.

"Why don't you sleep on it John. It's a lot to comprehend." Halsey suggests.

"Yes Ma'am."

"John, please call me Dan or grandpa or grandfather or granddad none of the Sir."

"Yes Gramps." he says with a smirk.

"Let's get out of the armor I know that you probably want to get back to analyzing the shields on my armor. And happy birthday Doc." I say as I hand her An Elites combat harness, minus the corpse and two Jackal shield gauntlets.

"Dan you're the best."

"I aim to please." John and I walk into the armory to find Kelly, Linda, Fred and Will sitting on crates cleaning their armor.

I have the techs remove the suit and I start to clean it myself. John joins us; Kelly notices the look on John's face, which is the same since we left Halsey's office.

"What's wrong John?" she asks

"Tell them or I will." I say in a comforting voice.

"Dan is a Commander..." before I can say anything else Fred yells

"Officer on deck." and Kelly, Will, Linda and him snap to attention

"At ease, I don't want that every time you see me enter someplace ok. If it's entering the Mess or gym then you can say it but if we are in here, the showers, or the barracks I don't want to hear it." I command. I get a course of 'Yes sir'.

"He is also My Great x20 grandfather." John says, I drop to the floor because I am laughing so hard. I see Kelly's Jaw hit the deck, along with Fred, Will and Linda.

"I really want to know what you just said Dan cus the looks on their faces are priceless." I hear Alice say with a laugh.

"I am John's Great x20 grandfather. Ask Halsey if you don't believe me." I then see her jaw hit the deck as well.

2330 hours Spartan hallway

I decide to check on John before I go to sleep. I knock on his door and after a second, I hear him say "Come in". I walk in to see Kelly rubbing John's back. "What happened?" I ask in a somewhat concerned voice.

"I've had a rough day." he replies

"I bet but we're in-route to Reach."

"We know, and Dan, if you hadn't been with Halsey you would have seen John's ass handed to him by Jorge." Kelly says with a chuckle.

"Oh god that must have been hilarious, oh and John, Kelly. If you need anyone to talk to I'm here for you."

"Thanks Dan." Kelly replies

"Thanks Gramps." John replies smugly

"Get some rest both of you, that's an order."

"Sir yes sir."

I exit the room and enter mine. I change into a gray UNSC T-shirt and climb into bed. My head hits the pillow and I fall into a deep sleep.

Authors note: So it appears that John knows that I am his grandfather and a commander. As do blue team. R&R

5. Chapter 5

Thrown into their world

Chapter 5 the long very interesting part (aka halo wars)

Authors note: I AM BACK FROM THE DEAD. Sorry it's late but this was a bitch to write. School takes top priority, physics is hard and I have college apps. I had minor distractions with several games called: Mass effect, Mass Effect 2, Halo 4 and a show called MY LITTLE PONY FRIENDSHIP IS MAGIC. Yes, I am a Brony and I am proud. In addition, this is the first of two chapters posted today good luck. 189 out.

'To recap: 1. The harvest campaign went as cannon events

2. All Spartans lost in the defense of harvest were lost.

3. I am aboard the spirit of fire on an ONI mission

And 4,' "I am royally pissed off!" I yell as I slam my fist into the sprit of fire's holotable denting it a little. "What the fuck do you mean I have to protect the professor?"

"Calm down SPARTAN." Cutter says

"No sir, you fuckin listen. There are good men dyeing down there and you just want me to do nothing while the marines clear the area? As of 20:00 hours Harvest is under Winter contingency by order of Admiral Cole and top brass, I need to be down there."

"Yes I know but I know how helpful you were to the Marines during the five years of hell and I need your tactical advice on how to approach the activity." he responds.

"Fine! There is a Forerunner temple that contains a map to Arcadia and from Arcadia to a shield world." I yell. "And before you ask, Forerunners are the species that the Covenant view as Gods, but they were advanced beyond what either us or the Covenant have for technology."

"Oh and you need to be down there now."

"God damn it Yes. I am using the powers given by planetary directive 9 the winter contingency to leave now. Serina, launch a HEV on my command."

"Yes sir." she says

"SPARTAN, Wait," I turn around and see Anders running to catch up with me and I am walking.

"What is it Ma'am? There is no way you are going Down in a HEV."

"Yes but you said shield world, from what?"

"A shield from a weapon that will wipe all sentient life from this galaxy and the covenant want to activate it. Now I would ask for at least four SHIVA'S." I say as my black visor polarizes as I climb into a HEV. "See you ground side." the door slams shut and I am launched towards the ground. 'I hope that ONI will believe me about Halo, Oh well in 22 years they will believe me. But I wonder how much I can change if I tell them the coordinates of Installation 04 and have a talk with 343 guilty spark and alert the other Forerunner installations to view Covenant as Hostile bent on wiping out us, the reclaimers in the name of the Forerunners, or maybe the Monitor of the shield world.' I am jarred from my thoughts as my pod lands inside the just recently reclaimed Alpha base. "Hey they didn't tell us that they sent a single ODST." A marine shouts to his friend's. '3&2' the pods hatch opens and the marines are greeted not by an ODST but a 7 foot tall MJOLINIR ARMOR SPARTAN. As per this early into the war, SPARTAN deployments are still a rare sight on the defensive side of the war. 'Sword and shield that's what we are.' "Marines, I am Commander Sera 189, now get your shit together and move out."

"Sir, Yes, Sir."

A marine who my HUD IDs as Forge speaks " Sir, I was about to take a group to the strange temple."

"Good, then I am accompanying you and your marines for this."

"I thought that all SPARTANS were CPOs or higher with the highest being Master chief petty officer." a Marine whispers to his friend.

"What was that Marine?"

"Nothing sir, what's with your Helmet?"

"It's an Experimental design that ONI couldn't wait to be tested."

I have changed my Armor's Shoulders to match as UA Multi-threat. So I look like a regular Spartan, but I have the paint of Olive green been burned away by the shield draining blows to revival the steel color beneath it. My helmet is still the Mk. VI recon, My UA Counter assault has been left on reach but my Tac-pad and trauma kit remain. I have also added a UGPS to my right forearm.

We head out of the base and I jog ahead to take out as many covenant patrols as I can with Forges warthog following close behind. I round a corner and

My shields hit zero I put three bullets into the offending Kig-Yar and his friend with the beam riffle.

"Fucking Jackals, I would prefer Sangheili any day to Kig-Yar." As if on cue as my shields recharge to full, I hear the marines gasp a little as my armor glows yellow for an instant, and eight Elites decloak. "Demon you will fall." the over cocky leader taunts.

"Just try it Sangheili bastard, the Forerunners have chosen Humans as the Reclaimers not you." I say as I flip over the leader and put three shots from my pistol into each elite. But instead of reloading, I pistol whip the remaining two killing them then drive my knife into the leader as he tries to kill me with a plasma repeater. Which my shields shrug off. "That's what happens when you mess with a SPARTAN." I give my marines the remaining plasma grenades from the fallen elites after I've taken four. "To activate just push the symbol down and toss." The marines and I push into the temple, and fight our way down to the relic but before we activate the bridge, the professor comes down in a pelican. "Professor, this way." I hear a marine say. We cross the bridge and find the map room; I turn around and signal for the marines to do the same. "Why sir?"

Again my HUD IDs the Marine as Dustin Hellix.

"Just be ready to throw those grenades I gave to you earlier." I notice a heat ripple and my thermal sensors confirm that there is elites I. AC (Active Camouflage) "You guys should really learn this, Don't Fuck with Humanity. Marines to cover and toss all your Plasma grenades now. The elites decloak but it is too late, the grenades detonate and kill all elites I turn back to Anders and Forge studying the map When I hear the activation of an Energy sword followed by the sound of a Marine being impaled "Fuck!" I turn and do the most stupid thing anyone could do, throw themselves at an energy sword wielding elite. In mid step I take my combat knife out and lunge at the elite, plunging the knife into his skull killing him instantly. Nevertheless, I am too late as the Marine is already dead. Kneeling down I close his eyes and remove the dog tags 'Dustin Hellix

Age 37

Blood type A+

Homeworld Xholo

Service number 30893619-2885DH'

"Sprit of Fire, this is 189."

"We read you secure SPARTAN."

"We've got one causality, and we are heading back to the sprit we've got what we need but I would like some tanks."

"Got it, tanks inbound ETA ten minutes."

"Copy, 189 out."

I stand up when I am met with a headache. 'What the fuck is causing this? I satisfy my Video game addiction, the pellet knocked out my sex drive, I get enough sleep, I eat a lot, I am hydrated, and I am constantly in a safe environment known as my armor. Caffeine maybe? God damn when was the last time I had a cup of coffee, or anything caffeinated?'

"You okay SPARTAN." Anders asks

"I got a headache that feels like I was kicked by a pissed the fuck off hunter."

"I thought SPARTANS were immune to headaches."

"Not caffeine headaches, that is just part of the addiction."

"You are addicted to caffeine." she says shocked.

"Yeah the last thing I had that was caffeinated was two days ago, and because I've been fighting I have ignored it."

"That must suck" a marine, asks.

"Yeah 1,000 pounds of Titanium, hydro-static gel, reactive circuits, automated Bio-foam injectors, temp regulating bodysuit, vacuum rated, hell I can go to the bathroom in this thing and eat as I kill an Elite and yet this thing doesn't give me a FUCKIN caffeinated beverage." I yell in a caffeine withdrawal.

"So you can live in your suit. Damn I want one." a marine comments.

"Unlikely to survive augmentation." I say rubbing my temples.

Ten minutes pass as I examine the terminal. After twenty minutes the tanks arrive, as I figure out how to mark, Brutes Jackals, grunts, hunters, drones, and Elites until 2552 after October as hostile to reclaimers and a threat to an unnecessary activation of the halo array; As a message to all forerunner installations. 'Suck on that Covie bastards. Own religious artifacts used against you.' I turn to the tanks as they arrive. "Your late."

"Ah well you can take it out of my tip." one of the drivers says.

"Tell you what you let me drive and lead then you get 40% tip." I respond half joking half serious.

"I didn't know SPARTANS had a sense of humor I thought they are robots."

Taking off my helmet "Do I look like a fucking robot to you?" then I

slam it back down. Climbing into the tank, and starting up said tank, I move it forward towards the exit. The covenant is waiting for us but as I have found out in my halo game days, "Tank beats all." as I start to shell the genocidal aliens with unstoppable force. As the exit draws closer, I kick the tank into high gear and it thunders down to kill the unsuspecting grunts. After clearing the area with the main cannon, the rest of the group appears unscathed by plasma, while mine looks like a well-used killing machine. "Sprit of Fire, we are topside waiting for exfill."

"Copy that pelican inbound see you three on the bridge ASAP." cutter out."

A pelican drops down and Forge, Anders and I climb into the back and it heads back to the Sprit. The ten-minute trip is made with Anders asking me what I did.

"So, what did you do on that keyboard?"

"I marked the covenant as a threat to forerunner installations."

"How?"

"I can read and write in forerunner" (this is true I will link a video of me writing my gamer tag in forerunner font)

"How?"

"That's classified." the pelican lands in the hanger bay and we depart for the bridge. Upon reaching the bridge, Anders gives her report but I am only partly listening. 'We go to Arcadia, fight covenant go to a shield world, and we don't get back to UNSC space for a long time.' I am jarred from my thoughts by Cutter asking me a question.

"What say you SPARTAN?"

"Sir, can you repeat that, I was running a diagnostic on my suit and I wasn't paying complete attention."

"Very well, Should we go to Arcadia?"

"Yes, sir we should go to Arcadia."

"Very well I'll clear it with Admiral Cole. Serina, plot course to Arcadia."

"Aye-Aye, Spinning up FTL for mysterious trip to Arcadia." I turn and leave the bridge for the armory. After a quick three-minute walk, I enter the armory and grab more M6D ammo, restock my grenades and reload my DMR with extended clips (instead of 15 rounds per clip I have 30). After restocking my ammo, I take my helmet and gauntlets off. I head towards the rec room and see a group of marines playing a game that seems familiar. I walk over to them and they salute me. "At ease, what are you playing?"

"Sir, we are playing a classic, Assassins creed revelation," one of them says.

"Assassins creed revelations, I haven't played that game in years, what mission are you playing."

They looked shocked and one of them drops the controller. I react at normal Spartan speed, and grab the controller before it hits the ground. "If you are done with this I would like to play." I laugh.

"But why?" a marine asks.

"Son, I maybe a 7 foot tall killing machine, but that doesn't mean I don't like games."

"Wow, but don't you get tired of killing?"

"That's what makes life interesting, in games, the enemy is predictable, in life they will adapt to keep you on your toes."

"Okay, well Jim just finished recovering the second key." a marine says

"Alright I guess I'll play for a bit."

I unpause the game and let the Cutscene play. I quickly complete the third key quest and a Sophia mission before handing the controller off to a marine. 'The hidden blade. That could be useful for assassinations. I think I'll make two for my armor.'

I decide to go to the gym to work out. Arriving I go to the high-G room and start benching 400 kg at +2G. The ODSTs in the room have stopped and watch how I am able to bench that weight. I continue my workout with push-ups, biceps and triceps, abs and calf and thigh workouts. I am about to start my cool down thirty mile run to work on endurance when Serina comes over the COM "Would SPARTAN-189 report to the bridge immediately." I arrive on the bridge and see that we have entered Slipspace "Sir why did you call me here?"

"I am concerned about your armor..."

"Before you go any further, I need to remind you that ONI has put a censorship on what I can say."

"Very well, you Have shields and that makes the marines Think that you aren't human."

"The shield system my armor has been stripped from a dead Elite and I have integrated it with my system. I have more power directed to it so it glows gold instead of silver."

"Why?"

"I fight very aggressively and I would be dead if I didn't have it."

"I see."

"Now, Serina what's our Eta?"

"About thirty minutes." the A.I. Responds.

"Good, prep a ground team." I return to the armory and attach my gauntlets and helmet. Picking up a SMG I fill the ammo and attach it to my left thigh plate. I sharpen my knife and return to the bridge. "Sir you need to see this." I hear Serina say. Looking at the display, I see Jerome, Alice and Douglas fighting. "They get to have all the fun." I say.

"Spartan, Forge get down there now." I am already out the door when I round the corner to the HEVs I push past the ODSST Sargent and take a chair. "Serina launch my HEV over SPARTAN- 130s position, I am going in hot."

"Confirmed launch in 3...2...1"

I hurtle towards the surface of Arcadia slamming into the ground three meters off Alice. Keying the explosive bolts, I jump out and pick up three grunt kills with my SMG. "Hey Alice, Long time no see."

"Dan, nice of you to drop in."

"I aim to please."

"Dan, the hell, I thought you were at Harvest stationed on the spirit of fire." Jerome barks over the comm.

"Spirit is in orbit and reinforcements on their way down."

"Good, Dan even though you out rank me, I want you on civilian escort duty."

"Are you sure you can't read minds Jerome? That's what I was going to suggest."

"Very well Commander."

I walk to assist the civilian evac killing the grunts and elites as they come. Arriving at evac point I gather a group of 50 and issue each a captured Kig-Yar shield gauntlet.

"Alright I am going to escort you using an ancient battle formation

The Pharynx. I want the men to attach these energy shields and arrange a protective barrier around the women and children. Marines, keep enemy air off the group, I don't feel like eating a fuel rod today." I command.

I see that the marines are ready to go but the civvies are not moving. I see one man get over his fear and he begins to speak.

"And why should I listen to you."

"I am giving you a ticket to live and last time I was in battle, these shields will save your life."

As if to prove a point, a random plasma bolt enters the building and hits an active shield. I turn around, draw my M6D, and end the grunts life in a single headshot. "Any more questions?"

The man shakes his head and they take up formation. With the help of the marines and the shields, all civilians reach Cargo 1 in one piece. Jerome is doing an excellent job keeping the area clear as the walk is covered with fresh corpses. I walk back to the pavilion and escort the next 30 groups before the dreaded call from Cargo 3 "This is cargo 3. Screw the Evac protocol I am going now."

"Cargo 3 do not take off. I repeat do not take off." but I know it is futile I watch as the rising transport is targeted by banshees and is blown up.

Turning around in a rage, I see a very unlucky Elite and grunt. Taking two steps I use my suits power to rip the grunt in half 'I love this armor.' the Elite try's to draw its energy sword but instead it is disarmed by a grunt head thrown into it's face. "Demon!" it roars.

Speaking in my metal voice "Die genocidal bastard!"

I slam my boot down on the elites head splattering its brains on the pavement. When all civilians are loaded into Cargo 1 and 2, they get a squad of Longswords to escort them into orbit. I regroup with red team and the marines. We march Away from the city to a LZ when the radio sparks to life, "Commander, Scans indicate a large Covenant structure under construction however AA guns prevent any aerial strikes." Serena

"What about orbital support?" Jerome asks

"They have an energy shield that will prevent any orbital bombardment."

"Shit. Well looks like we do this our way." Forge says

"This is delta foxtrot 7 on approach with reinforcements."

"Clear to land." Forge responds.

We get another squad of marines and hogs. I get an idea to minimize battle fatigue, as everyone will need to be ready to storm the base.

"Spirit of Fire, requesting Mac strike on AA guns."

"Copy that paint them and we will take care of the rest." Cutter says.

I turn to an engineer who has a target locator "Paint those targets and watch the fireworks."

He nods and paints all three red and we watch as the Guns are hit by a white-hot slug of Depleted Uranium.

"Control this is Commander 189, Sky's are clear and your free to engage, have a nice day."

"Copy that."

Longswords and shortwords fill the air and bomb the shield

generators. As they explode, three pelicans land and unload two transport Hogs and one Gauss hog. I see a ghost driving at us. I wait for it to target me and I jump on the hood and kick the over cocky grunt out of the seat. A marine shoots it in the head just to make sure it's dead. The marines pile into the transport hogs and read team takes the gauss hog. I put my ghost driving skills to the test. 'Alright let's figure this out.' I push the foot pedals forward and activate the boost. Then I turn the controls to turn left or right. Finding that the right handlebar spins I move it forward and the ghost moves forward, I move it backwards and I go backwards. On the left, I see a handbrake so I pull it to fire the weapons. 'Easy to remember.' "Alright let's move out." the convoy makes its way to the base and the covenant comes out to greet us. The marines with the help of four SPARTANS blow through the waves like its nothing. Half way through ODSs make a hot drop and reduce the guards on the base to zero. Pelicans arrive with a little going away present: a furry TAC nuke. "Marines, on those birds on the double, we'll handle this present." Jerome orders.

"What is the plan of attack?" Douglas asks.

"Level a wall with a MAC then plant this in the reactor core." I say.

"Got it." Alice says

"Serina, MAC south west wall on my mark...Mark." A MAC round slams into the wall leveling it. My fellow Spartans charge in and start picking up massive kill numbers. "Serena, Reactor location."

"Scans indicate that the reactor core is located in the main building sub level 2." the AI responds.

"Alright Spartans let's get this party started." I yell ejecting the spent clip in my assault rifle. Moving to a door tossing a grenade through and wait for the bang. "Move now!" I yell as the grenade detonates, we move in and kill anything not riddled with shrapnel. We move down and reach the reactor core. The guards are 10 grunt ultras with three Zealot class elites and one war chiefton. "Grunts first, down." I say as I use my DMR to kill all the grunts. "Jerome, Doug, Alice you got the elites, I got the ugly brute." the brute roars in challenge and I meet him half way in hand-to-hand combat. He throws a right hook at me, I side step and grab the arm and kick the elbow the opposite way it is supposed to be. The Ape roars in pain and delivers a shield-draining blow. The brute grabs my helmet with his uninjured hand and punches the top in the hopes of knocking me out, 'Hydrostatic gel for the win I only felt a third of that.' smiling behind my helmet. Then he grabs me and holds me as a shield. "You are a fucking idiot!" I yell in irritation, I use my left hand to draw my knife. But then he is shot by Jerome, "Stand down you only make him...oh shit Set the nuke and run!" the brute flings me on my back and starts beating me, I override the strength inhibitor and yell in pain as my left arm shoots up at SPARTAN extreme speed. I hear a tearing sound and a very agonizing pain that comes from my arm; I look up and see that I have impaled my arm completely through the brute's skull and helmet. I look at my HUD and see auto-med stats scrolling in front of me. 'Shit it looks like I've damn near severed the tendons from my upper arm as well as completely torn my biceps and triceps in half.' "Dan, status reports." Jerome asks.

"Is the nuke planted?"

"Yes we are on our way up."

"Good, good. Remind me to tell Halsey to add stronger muscle density for the next class."

"Why?"

"Let's just say I won't be moving my left arm anytime soon. Also my left arm is on lockdown, and I can't remove it from this ugly ape."

"Well I don't know what you're talking about... Oh."

"I'll take a picture for top brass." Doug says.

"Screw brass, send that to Halsey."

"Yeah now either cut this bastards head off or pull my arm out of it." I say in an irritated voice. Alice yanks the corpse backwards freeing my locked down arm. We run up the stairs at a full sprint, we don't bother returning fire as we burst through the door the delayed countdown appears on our HUDs. "Spartan team, Pelican inbound to your location ETA 45 seconds."

"Copy that, get ready to punch it, Nuke detonation in 3 minutes." Jerome says. We see the drop ship land and we run inside activating our mag boots I yell to the pilot, "Secure hatch, and go now!"

The drop ship rises and the doors close and we are jolted with a full afterburner acceleration. We are just outside the minimum safe distance when the timer reaches 00:02. The sky of Arcadia is consumed with an one megaton Thermal nuclear detonation. "Command, this is Spartan team, base eliminated." Jerome says

"Copy that, Red team run a recon to make sure we are done here."

"Confirmed command, red team out." the pelican lands at the forward observation post, red team departs, and 16 marines board the ship to head back to the Spirit. "Spirit of fire, this is Sera-189 I was injured in the fight and I require some medical attention."

"We Copy 189, Med team on standby." the ride up to the fire is spent telling the marines how I managed to hurt myself.

"Holy shit, glad you're on our side." a marine says.

"Yeah but I don't know the extent of the damage, only that it required a lockdown to prevent further injury, so I might be out of the fight for a while." I say

We arrive and there's a med team waiting. I walk to the med bay and wait as the technicians remove my armor. Once the half-ton of armor is removed, I lay down on the bed and wait as I am scanned. "Judging by your face it must be bad." I say to the doctor.

"That is an understatement. Son you have torn every muscle in your arm completely, only your tendons are still attached. You are gonna

be out of the fight for a month at minimum."

"A month?"

"Yes, as much as it pains you must let your body heal and Biofoam doesn't help with that and that's with your SPARTAN healing."

"Wow I knew that the armor was powerful but damn. Thanks I don't think I got your name."

"It's John Sheppard*, MD."

"Thank you John." I say as I leave the medical wing and head to the bridge to see Red team discussing something with Cutter.

"Jerome, Doug, Alice, Captain, Serina, Forge." I say as I enter the bridge in my fatigues and my left arm in a sling.

"That bad?" Alice asks

"Yeah, so driving my fist through that brute produced enough force to tear my augmented muscles, currently only the tendons are connected."

"How long will you be out of the fight?" Jerome asks

"A month. And I can't pass the time working out."

"That sucks." Alice says

"Yep but if you sic your helmet cams to the TAC display, I can offer combat advice."

"You can sic with my helmet commander." Doug says.

"Thanks Doug, now I want a sit rep."

"Anders has been kidnapped by a fuckin big elite." Forge says

"Was this elite wearing silver armor?" I ask

"Yes." he replies

"An Arbiter."

"A what?" Cutter asks

"An Elite who has lost his honor, he is given a suicide mission to redeem their honor."

"How do you know this?"

"Remember when I was in that temple on Harvest?"

"Yeah, I fail to see how this has anything to do with anything." Forge says

"Well there is a Forerunner AI in the Covenant holy city of high charity told me through the harvest artifact."

"Wow." cutter says, "This could be valuable Intel."

"It is sir. But I can get really impatient so hopefully it takes a few weeks to make this trip."

"Why?" Jerome asks.

"I think I saw some stem cell containers to help with plasma burn recovery, I am going to inject my self with some to accelerate the healing process."

"That would still leave you a few weeks out of the fight." Alice says

"I know but it's better than a month. Now if you excuse me I have a med bay to visit." I return to the med bay and I wave to Sheppard, "Hey doc, could you inject me with some stem cells to accelerate the healing to two weeks till I am back in the fight?"

"Well I guess it wouldn't harm anyone."

"Great, lets get this over with."

I take off my shirt to expose my arm and Sheppard fills up a syringe with 200cc of stem cells, he then jabs the needle into the thickest muscle tissue and pushes the plunger down, "That burns a little." I say as the tissue regeneration liquid floods my arm.

"You should be good to go about everyday things but not combat for at least two weeks starting now." Sheppard says

"Thanks Doc." I leave the med bay and head to the armory to start on a new toy. I walk into the SPARTAN storage wing to see Doug, Alice and Jerome in the process of removing their armor.

"Dan, what's up?" Alice asks

"Stem cell injection turns in that one month to two weeks, I hope that this trip takes two weeks."

"What, but your out of a sling?" Doug asks

"The tissue may be healed enough to allow for regular use but not so for Combat in our armor."

"I know that we are the only ones who can operate it but what's preventing you."

"My muscles are still recovering and if I went into combat, I might re-injure it."

"Ah so better 100% than what 50%?" Jerome says

"Actually at this point more like 45%." I say

"What are you going to do in your down time?"

"I am going to make a new combat toy for myself and if the prototype works then install in your armor."

"What is it?" they all ask

"A hidden Combat knife that extends like this." I say as I draw my knife and hold it with the hilt at my wrist joint, "so that way we are never unarmed."

"Sounds complicated, I wish you good luck." Doug says

"Thanks." I say as I detach my gauntlets and head over to the machine shop. Sitting on an empty bench, I remove the bottom metal plate of my left gauntlet and remove the hilt of my combat knife. I pull the gauntlet over my right forearm and hold the knife with two inches of the hilt back from my wrist. I make a fist and measure how far the knife sticks out past my fist, '3 inches past my fist, add another inch to the back of my wrist to get 12 inches of blade exposed and 3 inches of anchor. Now for the Extend and retract feature, I need something reliable and strong enough to hold against a brute skull. Electromagnetic repulsion.' I look around and find several medium sized iron cylinders, some copper wire, and several small neodymium magnets. 'I need a nonmagnetic yet durable metal, aluminum should do the trick.' I look around and find a solid aluminum block about 17 inches long by about 4 inches wide by 4 inches thick. I move to a machine and program it to hollow out a section about 3.5 inches wide by 17 inches long. While the machine hollows out my aluminum block, I have instructed it to cut out a track about 1/2in tall and 15 inches long. I get a piece of titanium about 1/2in tall and 3in wide and 3.5in long and weld it to the titanium of my knife. I Finish welding and look over my handiwork, 'seamless weld, this will do nicely'. I look back as Alice enters the workshop, "Hey Dan, how's the new knife coming?"

"Very nicely, looks like the housing is done." I retrieve the housing and slide the knife into the end, "Perfect." I tilt the block forward and the knife comes out the other end, stopping just where I want it.

"Beautiful, a new way to terrorize the covenant."

"And add a new title to the 'demons'". I say with a laugh.

"Do you need any help?"

"Actually yes, can you see if we have any +2000 gauss electromagnets that is about the size of a M6D round?"

"Sure." Alice says and goes out looking for the electromagnet. I pick up some copper wire and an old plasma damaged assault Rifle, remove the trigger, and begin to fashion a pull on pull off switch. After 20 minutes of fiddling with the mechanism, I finally make a reliable relatively simple housing. Alice comes back to the room with an electromagnet.

"Thanks Alice."

"Welcome, how are you going to power this thing? That electro magnet takes a minimum of 20 volts to work, and 30 volts to work at a constantly reliable rate."

"Simple, our armor is more than powerful enough to provide the power without compromising armor performance."

"Very nice, how about force?"

"The end of the knife has the positive ends of neodymium magnets that are attracted to the negative electromagnet, until I activate the magnet to provide +2000 gauss magnetic field, forcing and locking the knife forward."

"Very nice."

"Well I think I am going to stop working for today."

"Why?"

"I have been awake for 45 hours now, even SPARTANs have their limits."

"I see your point, but Red team has only been awake for 28 hours."

"We are going to be in Slipspace for the better part of the week or more. We need to be well rested for the fight at who knows where."

"I see your point also you probably need to rest because of your injury."

"Yep. Night Alice."

"Night Dan."

I walk out of the workshop and head towards the officers quarters I enter my room and begin to meditate. I close my eyes, open my self to the whole ship and connect with the Darkside. (Yes, I believe in the Force both light and dark sides if you got a problem with that then go perform a physically impossible sexual act. For those of you not use to this type of sir like cursing, it's 'go fuck yourself') I feel my rage build up inside of me and by survival, drive becomes stronger. 'Inhale pain, hate, anger. Exhale rage, death a burning fire. Reach out to the living force and open yourself to the whole universe' I continue to meditate for the next 3 hours, when suddenly, "Angel, NO!" I am on the battlefield, with angel, her armor shields gone down. "Relax Dan, I go.." she is cut off by a needle Rifle round going through her chest. I feel a rage surround me.' I am pulled from this vision by Jerome, Doug and a concerned looking Forge.

"What is it?" I ask

"Sir, you were yelling like you were in battle, you kept saying 'Angel'." Jerome explains

"Might I ask what it was." Doug asks

"It was a vision of someone I care about taking a needle rifle round to the chest, I don't know what caused it."

"Well other than the yelling, you were sitting in a meditative state."

"Well as soon as we get back to Reach, I am speaking to Halsey about

this, they are becoming more frequent." I look at the clock and realize that I have satisfied my meditation requirement and I realize how tired I am. "Well what ever this is I need to rest I'll tell you the rest later."

They nod and leave my room, I climb into my bed and close my eyes. I drift off to sleep.

I dream about Angel and of the Ark, I see the flood, Gravemind John and 'Thel.

I awake 14 hours later feeling completely refreshed. I go to the restroom on the officers deck, shower and shave. I return to my workbench and the pull switch on the wires to the electromagnet, I work on a small connection port in my armor's gauntlets to synchronize the power from my armor's power supply to the hidden blade. I mount the blade-housing unit in the space of my armor and hollow out a 1/2 inch tall and 1/2-inch deep section of my armor to allow for blade extension and retraction. I fit a small self-sealing membrane, most commonly used to allow gunpowder weapons to fire in space, over the opening to prevent dirt and liquids from entering the housing. "That should do it." I say to no one in general. I look over the gauntlet and synchronize it to an external power unit to test it, when I pull the gauntlet on I curl my fingers to attach the wire that will allow for activation over my left middle finger. I make the connection and I am met with a sharp pain. I look down and see that my left ring finger is now laying on the ground. "FUCKIN' HELL THAT HURT!" I yell as I remove the gauntlet and Jerome pops into the room, "Dan, what happened? Are you injured?"

"Oh nothing, I just accidentally severed my left ring finger with a new weapon and I am perfectly fine." I say with sarcasm

Clearly not picking up the sarcasm, Jerome says, "Oh ok."

To which I respond, "Of course not numbskull, this hurts like a plasma burn. Fuck." I walk out of the Workshop holding my bloody hand and I get several looks from the crew. "Doc, I need stitches." I say arriving in the med bay.

"What happened?" Doctor Sheppard asks

"Um... I was testing a new Hidden combat blade when it activated prematurely, severing my left ring finger clean off. Um to prevent it from happening again just sew it up I really don't care about my non dominate hand any way."

"I have three questions: one, I thought SPARTAN bones were in breakable. How did you manage that? Two, why were you making that in the first place? And finally Why do you want to have four fingers on that hand?" he asks while getting stitching equipment.

"First, I created it to make sure that I am always armed, two, it is powered by a 2000gauss electromagnet repelling neodymium magnets, that thing extends to full in about .024 of a second and can penetrate my finger and about 6 inches of titanium And finally it looks cool and intimidating." I say as he starts to stitch up the wound.

"Those stitches should be ready to come out at about the same time

you are cleared for combat."

"Thanks Doc." I say as I exit the med bay. I walk back to the workshop and extend the wire so that I don't have an unwanted extension. "Serina?"

"Yes Commander?" the AI responds.

"Do we have materials to repair MJOLINIR?"

"Yes we can make repairs to all armor, MJOLINIR included."

"Good I need a left glove with the ring finger removed and replaced with a hard covering." I say.

"So, may I ask about that blade? I've noticed an extreme build up of heat with every use, I suggest using a coolant with a high specific heat and high friction reduction rate."

"Do we have something like that aboard?"

"yes and before you ask, it is already been delivered along with a membrane to seal the coolant inside the knife."

"Thank you Serina." I say as I remove the blade to install the coolant and membrane. After that I wait for my glove to arrive then I return my armor to the storage rack and go to the gym to lift weights and run for about 40 kilometers. I then go get my new gauntlet and start knife training. After the wake cycle is over, I meditate and go to sleep.

(Minor time skip to five days later Date: February 23.
2531.)

"Dropping out of Slipspace now." Serina announces.

"Serina where the hell are we?" Cutter asks.

"I don't know. But there is a CCS Battle Curser leaving the Atmosphere now."

"Ah shit all stations brace for impact." after Cutter says this we collide with the cursers unshielded hull.

'this is where UNSC ships are better, 2ft of Titanium-A battle plate and 5in of ceramic, are better than the covenant.'

After the scraping sound stops, we continue down to the planet.

"Serina, status report."

"We have lost primary heat shield and about half a foot of our port side armor."

"Beats nothing I say. Serina open Comm Chanel to 521.17**." I say.

"Why?" The AI responds.

"Just do it." I say

"Aye-Aye. Comm is now open."

"Attention Reclaimers, I am 616 Lunar Spark, monitor of shield station 232***." the voice of a Monitor comes over the radio.

"Lunar Spark, this is SPARTAN-189 of the UNSC. We have tracked one of our top scientists to this place can you find her?" I ask.

"Oh absolutely Reclaimer. I detect your combat skin is only a class 2 there is a flood problem on the world I highly advise upgrading to at least a class 12. Search complete, the female Reclaimer is being held by subject species 27 the Sangheili by the inactive fleet."

"Can you get me there now?"

"Yes I have already dispatched an appropriate number of enforcers with several promethean's to assist you Reclaimer." The monitor says as I am teleported to behind everything with a squad of Prometheans. They use an active ammo generator to through cloak me and I move forward. "You would hardly consider them a threat." The profit of Mercy says. I move behind him and signal the Prometheans to decloak. "Release the Reclaimer or face death." one says. "what are you?" The Arbiter asks.

"I am a Promethean, and you species 27 are in direct violation of protocol regarding the reclaimers."

"Rip them to sh..." the Arbiter is killed by the Promethean using a forerunner hard light assault Rifle. The other Honor guards are made into fresh corpses, their shields doing nothing to stop the hard light barrage. The profit backs up into me. I smile behind my helmet and extend my hidden blade. "Do what you will Demon it will stop nothing."

"Really, because having this fleet will destroy high charity and your fleet." I say and I turn to the Promethean who killed the arbiter, "Can you broadcast this to the CCS- battle cursor in orbit?"

"Confirmed, broadcasting now."

"Citizens of the covenant, I am a demon and this is what happens when you piss me off." I hold the profit by his neck, extend my hidden blade, and plunge it into his brain then I toss him over the edge of the walkway. I walk away and release Professor Anders from the A-grav cell. She falls to the ground and I catch her, "Professor are you okay?"

"Yes I am thank you for asking." she says. I turn around to see Lunar Spark appearing behind us, "Ah Reclaimers I am here to inform you that this fleet is ready to be activated and will follow you through Slipspace to your destination."

"Thank you Lunar, we must be going."

"Oh absolutely Reclaimers, a transport is arriving to your location in a few seconds." I see a pelican inbound to our location. The door opens with Forge and red team standing around the entrance, all armor

is smoking with plasma. "I miss a huge probably one sided firefight." I ask.

"Yeah, all I can say is I wish we had more Spartans." Forge says with a laugh.

"Sir what is this?" Jerome asks gesturing to the fleet behind us.

"Oh just a fleet armed with a main weapon more powerful than a Super MAC. And it gets better, it's all humanities."

"The Covenant threat just got less like a threat and more like a fly on the wall." Alice says.

"Yep, Let's get back to the Spirit." Doug says.

The ride is spent explaining how the firefight was extremely one sided and how I assassinated a profit. We arrive back on the Spirit and we are debriefed.

"Spartans, Forge, you have earned a break from action for the trip back to Reach. Now I want to discuss what you interacted with Commander."

"Very well." I say

"First, how did you know what we were going into. Second what is that thing you talked to and third what transpired down there?" Cutter demands.

"Well sir I knew what this was because of the artifact on Harvest. Second, that thing was a Forerunner AI in charge of this station. Third I killed a very important Covenant leader and acquired a forerunner fleet to help us against the covenant." I respond.

"Very well, Serena."

"Yes captain?" the AI says while materializing on her holopad.

"Plot a jump to Reach."

"Yes sir. Warning trip will take two years."

"Two years!" I say "well I'll go to Cryo."

"See you and the crew in two years." Serena says

I go into Cryo bay A with the Spartans from red team. We strip and enter our assigned tubes the last thing we hear before the door closes is the announcement saying that we have entered Slipspace heading to a undisclosed location as per Cole-protocol. I breath in the Cryo inhalant and drift off to sleep.

Two years later

I awake to see the glass of my Cryo tube opening. I suck in a full breath of air and start to violently cough up the bronchial inhalant. Turning to my left, I see Jerome, Doug and Alice doing the same thing. "I hate this stuff." Doug says.

"Join the club." I respond. We are on approach to Reach after a two-year deployment. I arrive on the bridge with my full suit of MJOLINIR along with Red team. "Spirit of fire, this is Reach High-COM we would like to have someone explain what these ships are doing parked outside the orbital defense grid."

I look outside and see the forerunner fleet in orbit around Reach. "Reach High-COM, this is Commander Sera 189. That fleet contains the technology to hand the covenant's collective Asses to them."

"How?"

"By using the tech left for us by the Forerunners. We will use this tech to show the Covenant what happens when you screw with us."

"Copy that 189 Doctor Halsey will greet you personally as well as our top scientists, send the all clear to your fleet and have them land in Sword base. High-COM out."

"You heard the man move it to Sword base. Cutter says."

We begin our decent to sword base about thirty minutes later, we are arriving in a docking cradle. As soon as the docking ramp is in place, Red team and I are greeted by doctor Halsey. "Ma'am." We say in unison. "Dan, Jerome, Alice, Douglas, it's good to see you again. Dan why do you have a glove missing your ring finger?"

"To make sure that this doesn't happen again." I play the auto recording of the accident from the helmet video logs. "That answer your question Doctor."

"Yes it does. But what I don't get is why not have it replaced with a flash clone or reattach the severed one?"

"I choose it because I have already earned a reputation in covenant space as quote unquote, Knife fingered devil."

"Do I want to know how you got that?"

"I killed a major covenant leader with this thing."

"How major?"

"One of the three high profits."

"I knew that SPARTANS are the best of the best but wow."

"Doctor, shall we precede to discover how to hand the covenant their Asses using the technology of their gods."

"Yes let's."

In addition, with that the fleet lands and the tech become under eyes only top secret.

About five years later, Halsey goes to a remote colony to retrieve a forerunner grade Slipspace crystal but is captured in the escape. I

am stationed abroad the Pillar of Autumn along with Blue team. We receive word that Xholo is under attack from the covenant. I help the marines hold back the covenant long enough to get the civilians out of harms way.

Authors note: Cliffhanger but just hit that next button after the review.

* yes that is just like mass effect default Male Sheppard

** it is a 7 reference $521.17 \ 5+2*1=7*1=7$

*** this is a 7 reference $2+3+2=7$

6. Chapter 6

Chapter 6: the third beta effect.

Authors note: second chapter in a day I don't own anything recognizable except for my Spartan self.

Key: 'thoughts'

"Speech"

Date: 2538 location: Xholo- Midrim

'Okay now I'm pissed.' I think as covenant troops pin us down with ten hunters. It was supposed to be easy missions get the civilians out of here. I let out a growl yet another hunter pair is dropped. "Where the hell is air support?" I hear a marine yell.

"Come in command, this is sera 189 requesting air strike my coordinates."

"Copy that sera 189. Short swords inbound."

Four short sword bombers fly over and unleash their high explosive cargo on the now 14 hunters firing on us. All but one hunter is killed and I rise from cover and dispatch the walking tank with a rocket launcher. "There must be a forerunner artifact near bye. They don't usually send that many hunters at once without reason." I say. "Marines, grab your gear and let's get these civilians off planet." I turn and lead a group of 400 civilians to extraction. I begin to notice brutes are becoming a more common sight. I proceed to cut down any inhuman SONOFABITCH who is dumb enough to get in my way. "Last group sir." I hear a Marine say, as my group was the last to be evacuated. As the last civilian male boards the transport, 4 Longswords arrive to escort the transports to safety. 'Great now I just have to clean up this mess and hope to god that reinforcements get here soon.' I am snapped out of my thoughts as I receive a transition from John. "Hey Gramps, I know that your busy with civilian evac but could you give us a hand?"

"What's the prob?"

"Found Elite honor guards and Hunters outside the museum of geology. Need heavy weapons to take out hunters between us and the entrance."

"Copy that and you know I hate when you call me Gramps."

"I know."

"Eta 5 minutes." I gather about 10 SPKR launchers and 40 extra rockets and a gauss hog, and drive to blue teams location.

Upon seeing them I pull the hand brake and jerk the wheel as far as it can go and then slam on the brakes to cause the hog to park in front of blue team. "Someone order a warthog with tricked out turret, and 10 rocket launchers and 40 extra?"

"Hey I didn't know that Christmas came early this year." Fred chuckles

"Enjoy an early gift." I retort. "Now I got to take care of a brute problem in the suburbs."

"See you back on the autumn."

I run into the suburbs and kill off a pack of 40 brutes by tossing a trip mine into their ranks but 2 are still alive so I dispatch them with a head shot each. 'God damn I love the M6D' Looking around the corpse I see that there is no chiefton present. 'Strange, normally there would be a chiefton leading the pack.' I then hear a woman and child scream. I then see a chiefton standing over a fresh kill about 20 meters away. I see a little girl about five breaks down into hysterics. Without thinking, I grab a plasma grenade and stick the brutes chest. It explodes but the brute missing his helmet only. 'Fucking shields.' I then sprint towards the brute, jumping and slamming my shoulder into his chest knocking him to the ground, I then extend my hidden blade and slam it into the brutes face breaking the skull and getting brute blood and fragments of both brain tissue and skull. "I am Steel and your fat don't you dare eat the kid." I say as I turn to the girl retracting the blade.

"Are you here to help me?" she says in a weak voice.

"Yes. I am. Let's get you out of here."

The comm sparks to life "this is captain Sturn of the pillar of autumn to all UNSC forces report to you respective ships immediately. Those bastards have already started Glassing the planet."

"Captain, this is SPARTAN-189, I found a civilian who missed the transports, so I am bringing her abroad."

"Sure thing SPARTAN. We never leave fellow man behind."

I pick up the girl and takeoff at a sprint and reach the PZ in 2 minutes. I see Kelly and wave to her, John, Linda, Fred and Will. The pelican lands and the marines file on as do the Spartans. I am the last to get on. "Pilot get us the fuck out of here." I yell. The drop ship starts to rise off the ground and then accelerates towards the autumn in mid orbit. The ride was uneventful as we cycle through the ships airlocks we wait the door drops and both SPARTANs and marines are greeted by cor. Ackerson. "Ackerson what the hell are you doing here." I ask. "Why I am just here to do some testing of this girl." he replies. "Ask her the basics commander."

"Yes Sir." I turn towards the girl "What's your name? Do you have any family left?"

"My name is Angel, and I have no one left. My father died on Harvest, My mother by that Ape."

"Sorry to hear about your father. What was his name?" I ask. She is visibly trying to fight back tears.

"My father was Dustin Hellix*"

"I fought along side him and his death was unfair; taken out by a spec-ops Elite." I then utter "Toexa*"

Then Angel surprises me by saying "ExaÃt*"

"If you are quite done with Ms. Hellix, I need to run my tests." Ackerson barks.

"One more thing," Angel asks, " what is your name?"

"My name is Dan-189, SPARTAN-II."

"It's funny, I have dreams sometimes about dating a boy named Dan, whose lucky number is 189."

"Well take care, and remember your only beaten if your dead*." I say, as Angel is lead away from the hanger bay.

"I wonder..." I start to ponder why that name and voice seems so familiar.

The ships speakers come to life snapping me out of my thoughts. "All Spartan's are to be repositioned to the PRO-49776, for an ONI mission."

"Oh joy." John says

"Hey I hear that Solomon and Arthur are onboard." Kelly says

"Linda stay abroad the autumn will ya."

"Sure anything but an ONI mission." she replies

Blue team minus Linda depart via pelican to PRO-49776

'Wait, Solomon and Arthur? I know what's going to happen, we are going to the events of Halo legends the package.' The pelican docks with the prowler and we set into Slipspace. We see Solomon, Arthur, and an ONI agent walking towards us. "John, Fred, Kelly, Dan, it's good to see you again." Solomon greets. "Spartans." the ONI " I am Captain Lucius R. Jiron. We are jumping to Midrim. Our ETA is nine hours, I want you to the bridge for briefing in 8.45 hours."

"Well I need some sleep, John wake me in 8 hours." I say.

"Sure Gramps." John says smugly. I slam my fist into his face knocking him out cold. "Never mind, Kelly, wake both of us in 8.45 hours."

"Sure Dan."

"SPARTAN-189. Why did you attack master chief?"

Captain Jiron asks me.

"Well he knows what happens when he called me Gramps. I knock him out cold for 8.45 hours." I respond coldly.

"So you and the chief are related."

"Yes. If you dig deeper, I will kill you. My past is restricted level seven. As an ONI agent you of all people should know what the consequences are."

"Very well Spartan."

I go into my quarters and fall asleep. I dream about my girl Angel, we are back at school walking hand in hand. She tells me that she loves me and that she will see me again. She fades into nothing and is replaced by a female Spartan-III standing in a doorway. I am standing next to Jorge who says the lines I've herd in Noble Actual "So that's our new number six." I see Emile sharpening his knife, "Kat, you read her file?" "Only the parts that weren't covered in black ink." I hear Carter finish his conversation with Holland, "Lieutenant." "Commander, sir." "I'm Carter Noble teams leader, that's Kat, Noble two. Emile and Jorge four and five. That's Dan Noble seven. Your riding with me Noble six." the dream fades and I am awakened by Kelly. "I take it we are at Midrim."

"We are, Johns just awakened and you need to get your armor on."

"I know." I get my armor on along with the rest of the Spartans. We then head to the bridge.

"The Covenant has captured a high priority package, your mission is to infiltrate enemy space and retrieve it. You will be flying in with EVA booster frames. Mission window ten minutes. A local stellar magnetic field is preventing the Covenant from making a Slipspace jump. The target is equipped with a location beacon but you'll have to be close to read it, it's a weak signal with a short radius. The Covenant doesn't realize the vale of the package that's the way we want to keep it. Alright Spartans you have your orders good luck."

"Yes sir." we respond in unison then put on our helmets in sync.

"Captain?" John asks

"What is it Master chief?"

"What happens if we run out of time?"

"Then our only option will be to destroy the entire Covenant fleet, the package and your entire team. Is that clear enough?"

"Sir I understand."

We all are on our Booster frames and we are lowered out of the ship the radio crackles to life "Spartan team, once we break stealth commence operation. In 5â€|4â€|3â€|2â€|1 disable cloakâ€|Booster frames launch." the frames drop and we accelerate away from the prowler. "Here we go." John says.

The Covenant fleet greets us with the usual Plasma rounds. "Plasma rounds optimize mobility." I command. "Seraph formation 2 o'clock." Kelly says, "Ignore them."

"Scanning devices activated."

"I got a reading." Solomon says

"Positive read from the first scan something's up." John tells me over a private channel.

I see Fred and Arthur form up and engaged a formation of seraphs. "I'm getting multiple readings"

"There decoys."

"But then how do we find the real one?"

"They've already told us what we want is at the heart of this fleet. The flagship."

"More seraphs." I say

"Ignore them set gauss cannon to maximum charge."

"I'm hit." Kelly says

"I'll hold them back." Arthur says

"You got to eject I've got your six." Fred says

"Let's get on with it."

"Gauss cannon charge."

"91%" Fred and I respond.

"Shields at maximum charge."

"Fire all missiles Gauss cannon Fire." three gauss rounds slam into the shields as well as 60 missiles.

"This things toast."

"Then let them have it."

We enter the flagship and take cover in a bubble shield. "This is the right ship." I say as the smoke reviles brutes, jackals and grunts.

"We've got three minutes." Kelly says

"Let's sprint this don't fall behind." John orders

"Copy that." Fred Kelly and I say in unison.

The bubble shield deactivates and we take off at a full sprint. I override my MJOLINIR speed inhibitors and I accelerate past Kelly. "Fred." I say as we approach a door.

"I'm on it" Fred says as he blasts the door open with his SPARTAN LASER. We continue through the ship when we are abashed by three elites. "Go I got this." Fred says as he deals with the energy sword wielding Elites. "Fred!" Kelly says

"Concentrate on the mission." John says

The ship starts to detach bulkheads and exposes us to space. I make it into the final section along with John. We make our way to the location beacon. We enter a room and see a cryo tube. John wipes the frost off the nameplate 'Catherine E. Halsey' is now reviled and he starts the defrost cycle. The tube opens and Halsey awakens "John, Dan is that you?"

"Yes Doctor." I respond

"Sleep well Doctor?"

"No thanks to their driving yes." she responds

"You seem to be in one piece. But I'll always be there for toâ€|"

"Don't make a girl a promise if you know you can't keep it. But still you have my thanks."

"Doctor we havâ€|" this time she cuts me off.

"It's not a propped rescue until we are out of here."

"Agreed." Both John and I say in unison.

We make our way into an open area where the red elite from earlier is waiting for us. Both John and I open fire then he tosses John a deactivated energy sword hilt and the two engage in a duel. John is disarmed and Halsey is at his side in an instant." John, wait." I sneak around the Elite and kill him with my hidden blade.

"We're out of time."

We take off running to the escape pod tubes and we eject out of the doomed carrier.

"Doctor We've got company." I yell

"Can't you two do anything?"

Both John and I shrug.

"What's going on?"

When we see a Seraph fire on other seraphs.

"Cutting it a little close aren't we." Fred's voice crackles over the

radio

"Fred."

"Doctor are you alright." Kelly asks.

"Yes I'm fine." Halsey responds

"These Covenant Rigs fly like rocks took us a bit to get going."

More Fighters appear and are blasted to pieces by the uncloaking Prowler. "Welcome back Spartans." caption Jiron says to us. We dock and make our way to the observation deck. "You really are lucky you know that." Halsey says to John.

"Not lucky enough we lost two Spartans today. Solomon and Arthur."

"We all have to be stronger John." I say as we enter Slipspace.

"There is some good news, we've unlocked shielding and Mk. V, or as the forerunners would classify it as a class 20 combat skin, it will be ready when we arrive at Reach." Halsey says.

"That's good news." Kelly responds

"What about me?" I ask, "I already have shields."

"For you Dan, from what I read in your books, the while system will be equal to the Forerunner class 20 shield strength and armor integrity"

"So major upgrade."

"Yes."

'This changes everything. It will be easier to take hits with what 40 times the strength.'

Authors note: to answer your question Yes that is Angel from chapter one. As always Read and Review.

Toexa* the made up language for the Hassi*** (Ha-ss-i) meaning may his body decay in peace.

ExaÃt** the made up language for the Hassi meaning may his soul find peace and harmony

Hassi*** is the made up species for a game I would like to make.

End
file.